

WHEAT POOL

SONG BOOK



Published by

SASKATCHEWAN CO-OPERATIVE
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Songs For All Occasions

Supplied free of charge for
the use of Wheat Pool
Committees and other Co-
operative organizations.

COMMUNITY singing becomes more and more popular at all kinds of social functions. Believing that it is a good thing to encourage community singing, the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool has undertaken the distribution of a revised edition of this Song Book which, it is hoped, will contribute to the enjoyment and success of all gatherings at which it is used.

Wheat Pool Song Book

1. GOD SAVE THE KING

God Save Our Gracious King!
Long Live Our Noble King,
God Save the King
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God Save the King.

2. O CANADA

O Canada! Our home, our native land,
True patriot love in all thy sons command,
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North, strong and free;
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! O Canada!
We stand on guard for thee,
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee,
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

3. THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe the dauntless hero came
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain.
There may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together—
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose, entwine;
The Maple Leaf forever.

Chorus—

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever,
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

4. CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and taters grow;
There's where the birds warble sweetly in the spring-
time
There's where this old darky's heart does long to go;
There's where I labored so long for old massa,
Day after day in the fields of yellow corn;
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the place where I was born.

5. GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf
So it stood ninety years on the floor;

(Softly) Tick-tock.

It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.

(Softly) Tick-tock.

It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born
And was always his treasure and pride,
But it stopped short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering,

(Softly) Tick-tock, Tick-tock;

His life's seconds numbering—

(Softly) Tick-tock, Tick-tock;

It stopped short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

6. OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days

When my heart was young and gay,

Gone are my friends

From the cotton fields away;

Gone from this earth

To a better land I know—

I hear their gentle voices calling

"Old Black Joe."

I'm coming, I'm coming,

For my head is bending low,

I hear those gentle voices calling

"Old Black Joe."

7. ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,

Where early fa's the dew,

And 'twas there that Annie Laurie

Gave me her promise true,

Gave me her promise true,

Which ne'er forgot will be,

And for Bonnie Annie Laurie

I'd lay me doon and dee.

8. SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling, I am growing old; silver threads among the
gold,

Shine upon my brow today, life is fading fast away;
But, my darling, you will be, will be, always young
and fair to me,

Yes, my darling, you will be always young and fair
to me.

9. THE BONNIE, BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMON'

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon',
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

Chorus—

O, ye'll tak' the high road

And I'll tak' the low road,

And I'll be in Scotland afore ye;

But me and my true love

Will never meet again,

On the bonnie bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

10. ANNIE ROONEY

She's my Annie, I'm her Joe,
She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau.
Soon we'll marry, never more to part,
Little Annie Rooney, she's my sweetheart.

11. OLD FOLKS AT HOME

'Way down upon de Swanee River,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha' my heart is turning ever,
Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

Refrain—

All de world am sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam;
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

12. SCHOOL DAYS

School days, school days, dear old golden rule days
Readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic
Taught to the tune of a hick'ry stick.
You were my queen in calico,
I was your bashful, barefoot beau,
And you wrote on my slate: "I love you, Joe,"
When we were a couple of kids.

13. BONNIE DOON

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou mind'st me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree,
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

14. LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING

Look for the silver lining, whene'er a cloud appears in
the blue,
Remember somewhere the sun is shining,
And so the best thing to do, is make it shine for you,
A heart full of joy and gladness, will always banish
trouble and strife,
So always look for the silver lining,
And try to find the sunny side of life.

15. JINGLE BELLS

Dashing through the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way;
Bells on bobtail ring
Making spirits bright;
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song tonight.

Refrain—

Jingle bells! Jingle bells! Jingle all the way,
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh.

Jingle Bells—Another Version

Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way,
Spread the news from coast to coast
Co-operation's here to stay!
Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way,
Count your joys and make a noise
And shout—Hip! Hip Hooray!

16. ALOUETTE

(French-Canadian Folk Song)

Alouette, gentil' Alouette,
Alouette je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai la tete,
Je te plumerai la tete,
et la tete
et la tete
Oh, Oh,
Alouette, gentil' Alouette,
Alouette je te plumerai.

Second time add: Et le bec; (3rd) Et le nez; (4th) Et le dos; (5th) Et les pattes; (6th) Et le cou.

17. IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE

In the shade of the old apple tree
There the love in your eyes I could see
And the voice that I heard, like the song of a bird,
Seemed to whisper sweet music to me.
I can hear the dull buzz of the bee,
In the blossoms as you said to me,
With a heart that is true I'll be waiting for you,
'Neath the shade of the old apple tree.

18. THE OLD GREY MARE

Oh, the old grey mare, she ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be,
Oh, the old grey mare, she ain't what she used to be,
Many long years ago,
Many long years ago,
Many long years ago,
Oh, the old grey mare, she ain't what she used to be,
Many long years ago.

19. JOHN BROWN'S BABY

John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest;
John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest;
John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest;
So they rubbed it with camphorated oil.

20. THE WHEAT POOL SONG

From the North, South, East, West,
All o'er the Prairie,
Keep the Wheat Pool rolling along.
Tell everybody when you sign your name,
Then ask your neighbor and he'll do the same;
If we all stick together, what we have we'll hold;
You'll be proud to be a Farmer when the story's told
From the North, South, East, West,
All o'er the Prairie,
Keep the Wheat Pool rolling along.

21. HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus—

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night, when the heavens are bright
With the light of the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed, and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.

22. BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow and flee from my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away.

Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art;
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

23. LITTLE BROWN JUG

My wife and I live all alone,
In a little log hut we call our own.
She loves gin, and I love rum,
I tell you what, we'd lots of fun.

Chorus—

Ha! Ha! Ha! you and me,
Little Brown Jug, don't I love thee.
Ha! Ha! Ha! you and me,
Little Brown Jug, don't I love thee.

24. LA MARSEILLAISE

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrive!
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est love,
L'étendard sanglant est love,
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes,
Mugir ces feoces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras
Egorger vos fils, vos campagnes.

Chorus—

Aux armes citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons, Qu'un sang impur,
A breuve nos sillons!

25. FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
Thou stock-dove, whose echo re-sounds from the hill,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny dell,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

26. DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine.
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup
I would not change for thine.

—Ben Johnson, 1574-1637.

27. JOHN PEEL

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
He lived at Troutbeck once on a day;
But now he's gone far, far away,
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

Chorus—

'Twas the sound of his horn brought me from my bed
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led;
Peel's "view-hal-loo" would waken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

28. AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of Auld Lang Syne?

Chorus—

(Repeating after each verse)

For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For Auld Lang Syne.

And here's a hand my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For Auld Lang Syne.

29. GOOD NIGHT, LADIES

Good night, ladies! Good night, ladies!
Goodnight, ladies! We're going to leave you now.

Chorus—

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

Farewell, ladies! Farewell, ladies!
Farewell, ladies! We're going to leave you now.

Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies! We're going to leave you now.

30. WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay, when Johnny comes marching
home.

31. SOLOMON LEVI

My name is Solomon Levi, at my store on Chatham
street,
There's where you'll find your coats and vests, and
everything that's neat;
I've second handed ulsterettes, and everything that's
fine,
For all the boys they trade with me, at a Hundred
and Forty-nine.

Chorus—

O, Solomon Levi! Levi, tra, la, la, la,
Poor Solomon Levi, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

32. MEN OF HARLECH

Men of Harlech, in the hollow,
Do ye hear like rushing billow,
Wave on wave that surging follow,
Battle's distant sound.
'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,
Be they knights or hinds or yeomen,
They shall bite the ground.

Chorus—

Loose the folds asunder,
Flag we conquer under!
The placid sky, now bright on high,
Shall launch its bolts in thunder!
Onward, 'tis our country needs us;
He is bravest he who leads us,
Honor's self now proudly leads us,
Freedom, God and right.

33. O, CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

When first his standard caught the eye,
His pibroch met the ear,
Our hearts were light, our hopes were high,
For the young Chevalier!

Chorus—

O, Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
O, Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier.

34. THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER

The more we get together, together, together,
The more we get together, the happier we'll be.
For your friends are my friends,
And my friends are your friends,
The more we get together, the happier we'll be.

35. POLLY WOLLY DOODLE

Oh, I went down south to see my Sal,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day,
My Sally am a spunky girl,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day.

Chorus—

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well, my fairy fay,
For I'm goin' to Louisiana
For to see my Susyanna,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day.

A grasshopper sitting on a railroad track,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day,
A picking his teeth with a carpet tack,
Sing Polly wolly doodle all the day.

36. MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea;
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus—

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me,
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed;
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.

37. OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM

Old Macdonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O!
And on this farm he had some chicks, E-I-E-I-O,
With a chick, chick here,
And a chick, chick there,
Here a chick, there a chick,
Everywhere a chick, chick,
Old Macdonald had a farm! E-I-E-I-O!

2. Ducks—quack, quack.
3. Turkey—gobble, gobble.
4. Pig—oink, oink.
5. Ford—rattle, rattle.

TWO UKRAINIAN SONGS

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and

Ukrainian Publishing Company Limited, Winnipeg, Man.

38. THE NEVERMORE OF LIFE

(Stofit Hora Wysokaja)

It seems to me that now I see
An earthly paradise;
Above the woods the mountain peaks
Like turrets skyward rise.

Along the woods a river gleams
Whose waters gently glide
Into a valley far away
And in the distance hide.

And close at hand three willows bend
Above a tiny bay
In which the boats like floating leaves
Forever gently sway.

The willow trees in sorrow bend,
As autumn days draw nigh,
For all their leaves will flutter down
And say to them, "Goodbye!"

I see the waters gliding by
That bring me no relief;
Instead of joy they bring to me
An aching thought of grief.

39. BEAUTY'S LAMENT

(Kolomyjka)

Since the night my mother brought me
To this world of worry,
Though my cheeks are like two roses,
I am sad and sorry.

My dear mother, if you gave me
Some good luck and gladness,
It were better than my beauty
And my life in sadness.

40. MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Bring the good old bugle, boys!
We'll sing another song!
Sing it with a spirit that will start the word along!
Sing it as we used to sing it,
Fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus—

Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

41. THERE'S A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.

Chorus—

Fare-thee-well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part, must
part,
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

42. KILLARNEY

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Em'rald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders ev'rywhere,
Footprints leave on many strands,
But her home is surely there.
Angels fold their wings and rest,
In that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair, Killarney.

43. COMING THRO' THE RYE

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' thro' the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Chorus—

Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I;
Yet a' the lads they smile on me,
When comin' thro' the rye.

44. MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright on the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corntop's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n'by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

Weep no more, my lady, O weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

45. SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes,
She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes,
She'll be steamin' and a-puffin',
Oh, Lawd, she won't stop for nothin'
She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes.

She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes,
She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes,
She'll be drivin' six white horses,
She'll be drivin' six white horses,
She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes.

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes
Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes
We will kill the old red rooster,
We will kill the old red rooster,
And we'll all have chicken dumplin's when she comes.

46. BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

Beautiful dreamer; wake unto me,
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee.
Sounds of the rude world, heard in the day,
Lull'd by the moonlight have all pass'd away!

Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,
List while I woo thee, with soft melody;
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng,
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!
Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

47. DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream,
Where I first met you, with your eyes of blue,
Dressed in gingham, too.
It was there I knew, that you loved me true,
You were sixteen, my village queen,
By the old mill stream.

48. SASKATCHEWAN

(Tune: Beulah Land)

Oh, give us back the days of yore,
Those good old days that passed before,
Prosperity, for which we yearn,
Oh when, oh when, will you return?

Saskatchewan! Saskatchewan!
For five dry years we've carried on;
We till the soil and seed, then pray,
And watch the whole farm blown away,
Where forty bushels once were grown,
We now don't get back half we've sown.

Our troubles grow and multiply,
No use to toil it is so dry,
So now we sit and twirl our thumbs,
And wait till our Redeemer comes.

Saskatchewan! Saskatchewan!
We've changed so much from years ago,
From motor cars, our joy, our pride,
In Bennett buggies now we ride;
We scan the clouds, the sky, the ground,
Then find the rain has gone around.

A dollar bill's the rarest treat,
We're on relief for what we eat,
No food for man or beast to get,
And now they say, grow less wheat yet!

Saskatchewan! Saskatchewan!
When will we ever see the dawn?
If given just a chance to win
We'd carry on through thick and thin.
Of wheat control why fume and fuss?
The insects say, leave that to us!

When dust and drought reclaim the lands,
And buffaloes return in bands,
And Redmen as of yore abound,
Returning to their hunting ground.

Saskatchewan! Saskatchewan!
When fifty thousand years have gone,
Some pioneers will cross these plains,
And digging, find our last remains.
They'll spread the news to all their clan,
We've found the prehistoric man!

Although the future's far from bright,
'Tis always dark before it's light;
The times may change and be once more
Far better than they were before.

Saskatchewan! Saskatchewan!
The greenest fields are farthest gone.
I love your broad, expansive plains,
I'll stay with you while life remains,
You're home to me when said and done,
The finest land beneath the sun.

—By permission of the author.

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A Farmers' Co-operative

Behind these three words is a history of struggle, mutual help and accomplishment that would fill volumes.

The Saskatchewan Wheat Pool is a farmers' co-operative, with 22 years of growth and service behind it. It is owned by farmers to give service. It is controlled by farmers through democratic annual elections. More than 1,100 committees at local delivery points throughout the Province keep in close touch, the year round, with its operations.

The Wheat Pool handles its members' grain and ships their livestock at cost. It also speaks for them on all matters which affect their livelihood.



**Saskatchewan
Co-operative
Producers
Limited**

Head Office:
REGINA